

SIX
NEW SONGS
BY
T. BRIGHAM BISHOP

#2993

Mary E. Bennett.



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PIANO.

GUITAR



- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|----|---------------------------------|----|
| 1. The wild wood birds. Song & Cho. | 3½ | 2. Mary's away. Ballad. | 3½ |
| 3. I stood on the shore. Song. | 3½ | 4. Come be queen of the forest. | 3½ |
| 5. Adella Maine | 3½ | 6. Indians Lament | 3½ |

ST LOUIS.

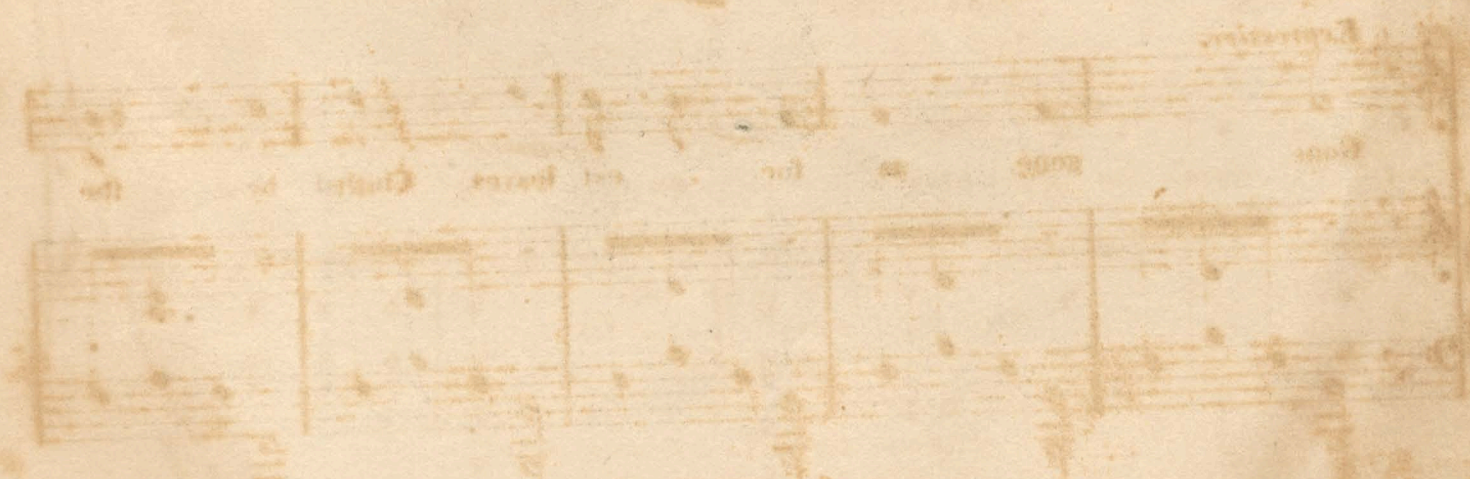
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THE INDIAN LAMENT FOR HIS TRIBE

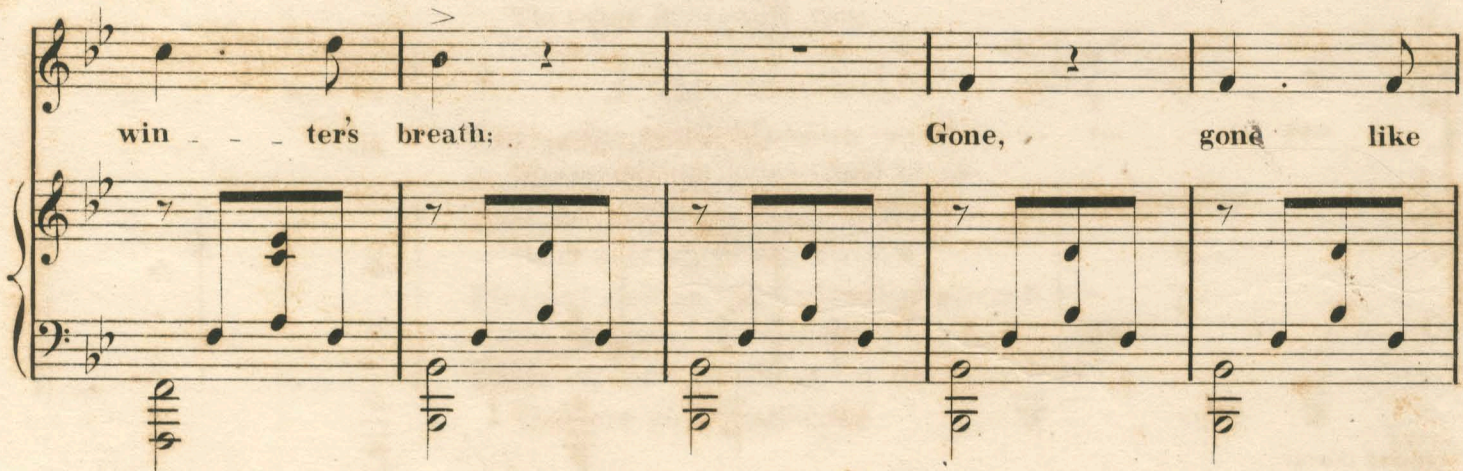
THE INDIAN LAMENT FOR HIS TRIBE

Wm. H. Bishop



THE INDIANS LAMENT FOR HIS TRIBE.

BY BISHOP.



gol - - - den sheaves, Bound by the hand of death;

Vain - - - ly I list for the bat - tle cry, The breez - - es are

ritard.
si - lent that pass me by; Cold is my heart, and

wet my eye; They are gone gone all gone.

f *mf* *p*

INDIANS LAMENT

The musical score is for a piece titled "INDIANS LAMENT". It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "gol - - - den sheaves, Bound by the hand of death;", "Vain - - - ly I list for the bat - tle cry, The breez - - es are", "si - lent that pass me by; Cold is my heart, and", "wet my eye; They are gone gone all gone." The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex pattern in the left hand. The score includes dynamic markings: *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *p* (piano). A *ritard.* (ritardando) marking is placed above the vocal line in the third system. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



2.

Gone, gone, and countless mounds
 Tell where my natives sleep;
 Gone, gone, and the wild deer bounds,
 Over each mouldering heap;
 The tomahawk rusts in the forest shade,
 Cold with the damp that years have made,
 And marks the spot of their ambuscade,
 Who are gone— all gone.

3.

Gone, gone, for the white man's ire
 Swept like a tempest by;
 Gone, gone, through a sea of fire,
 Of tears and of agony;
 The smouldering cot of the foe at night,
 Is no more seen like a beacon light,
 To cheer them on through the bloody fight,
 They are gone— all gone.

4.

Gone, gone, and I alone
 Mourn for the vanquished brave;
 Gone, gone, like an arrow flown,
 Or a waif upon the wave;
 Pleasant now are their hunting grounds;
 Dried are their tears—and healed their wounds,
 While my ears drink in but the mournful sounds,
 They are gone— all gone.

